

The Father's Day of 2001

✍ Dennis Gan

The time when I first truly felt God was on Father's Day 2001. It was around 11:00AM and church was almost finished. My Sunday school teacher turned on the boom box and played a song and asked us all to pray and try to feel God and Jesus. And about five minutes later, Holy Spirit touched me. It felt like a wonderful joy came into my heart and a special sensation. I felt so touched that I started crying, and through my tears I prayed to God for forgiveness for all my sins and transgressions. Later, when I left the room, I felt so happy and everyone in the little room was on good terms with each other and on our way out, we each had a hug with our church and Bible study mentor Auntie Agnes. At that time the children congregation wasn't as big, about 20-30 people including worship leaders, along with teacher Sister Joanne. ✝

The Father's Day Revival

✧ Jane Dong

On Father's Day, June, 2001, in a small cramped room, God came and visited us. We repented and cried out to God.....That day we wanted God, we were hungry for Him, and we were thirsty for His word. Xiao Joanne Jie Jie and Auntie Agnes were praying for us. God's presence was there with us, and we all repented for our sins. God moved us, and our lives changed that very day. I believe that God is still living in us till this day, and He is still working in us.

Mathew 4:17 From that time on Jesus began to preach," repent, for the kingdom of heaven is near." ✧

Unto The End

✧ Jason Hoang

We are the future of this world.
We are the youth of the nation.
Send us out to take the world.
Send us out to love this world.
Let us change it to good.
Do not look down, for it is the end.
We are parallels, not to be ignored.
Love is to be our medium, joy our energy.
Nothing will end our love.
Nothing will restrain our voices.
We will not end.
We will last forever,
Unto the end. ✧

Song

✧ Jason Hoang

All I need is a song.
One song.
One of glory.
One of grace.
One of beauty.
One of praise.
One for our hands raised.
One for our crying tears.
One for our empty hearts.
One for our blind eyes.
One song is all I need.
One song to bring us back.
One song to show your heart.
One song to expose your face.
One song to sing your praise.
One song to guide us all.
One your waves of grace.
One song.
And that is You.
You are my song. ✧

Contradict

✧ Jason Hoang

When I have nothing left,
I will have gained everything.
When I want nothing more,
I will have received all I wished for.
When I no longer dream,
My dreams will have been fulfilled.
When I no longer yearn,
I will have been satisfied.
When I no longer hope,
I will not need a sense of security.
When I am incomplete,
I will be found complete in You. ✧

Loving Jesus

✍ Jason Hoang

I saw a woman crying, hands in her face,
kneeling on the ground.
I saw a man sobbing,
Eyes raised to heaven and voice singing his praise.
I saw a child dancing,
Her feet twirling, her arms raised in reverence.
I saw a youth standing,
eyes downcast, heart stolen, and will broken,
Loving Jesus Christ. ✝

Untitled

✍ Jason Hoang

I. To many, the reason we don't understand the word of God is because it is not in context. The Bible is meant to lead and to change, not for us to enjoy as a novel but to wonder and be amazed by its glorious relevance to the past, the present, and future. If we can grasp the meaning of the word, we will be moved by God to enjoy it.

II. I've noticed how many people think that nobody cares about his or her life. But in reality, they only close themselves off to the fact that people care. They want consolation from their fears and hurt, but push it away at the same time, for need of seclusion or dread of rejection. The harsh reality of it is, that this generation dwells primarily on how others perceive them, drawing their self worth from other's opinions. In contrast, we are supposed to dwell on Christ and His love for us. Let us live a life worthy of the calling that has been given to us.

✝

Helpless Hopelessness

✎ Jason Hoang

No one will offer me a hand,
No one will lend some time,
A hopeless soul in a lost world.
The bottom of this mess is where I'm at.
The depths of the pit engulf me.
This pain brings me countless dimensions.
I call for the help that no one gives,
Asking for the aid that no one has.
A stranger as a friend.
The only one taking no heed,
To the bad and the wrong; seeing only excellence.
I was given a friend, one I can't see,
To help me through these times.
In hopelessness I hope,
And in helplessness I help. †

Love

✎ Jacqui Liu (4th grade)

Love is good in many ways.
That is my mother says.
She says it's good,
She says it's great.
I know in March that I'll turn eight.
My mother loves me so.
She gives me faith and hope to grow.
For I know she loves me,
And that is good and great
I know. †

My Testimony

✎ Victoria Lin (Age 14)

✎ Andrew Lin (Age 10)

One Saturday afternoon, my family and I went to eat at a Chinese Dim Sum restaurant. When I went, I had a coincidence. We met Auntie Agnes there. Since I was one and half, I have had serious skin disease. And somehow, that day (I think it was something I ate), I got huge rashes all over my head and neck! There were lumps and bumps and my eye shriveled up and I could barely open it. I ran to the bathroom and washed my face. I exclaimed to my mom, "I have to go home now!" So we were about to leave when my mom asked Auntie Agnes to pray for me and then I went home. God helped me resist the temptation to scratch and when I got home I lay down on the sofa with ice on my face. About an hour later, I got better! The rashes were gone so quickly. So God helped me resist the temptation to scratch and He is still helping me today.

I thank God for his healing power that healed my rashes. ✚

As many of you know, I enjoy reading with a passion. Sometimes, I don't know when to stop, and one of the times was I borrowed *Phantoms*, by Dean Koontz. It was a horror mystery novel and I just couldn't stop reading it. Unfortunately, I couldn't stop dreaming about it either, so I ended up not being able to sleep for quite a while. I prayed and I fretted and prayed some more. But none of the verses I read consoled me. They actually condemned me for what I read and I knew God wanted me to repent. So I did and I never borrowed another book by Dean Koontz again. Praise God! The next Sunday morning when Auntie Agnes was telling us to read the Bible, she told us all to read Psalm 91. I read it and it went something like this: 91:5

You shall not be afraid of the terror by night,
nor of the arrow that flies by day;

91:6 nor of the pestilence that walks in darkness,
nor of the destruction that wastes at noonday.

These verses really helped me to sleep at night because I knew that God was with me. It was the exact counter to the book I had read (by the way, if you think you should read this book, you shouldn't.) and really just comforted me to no end. Praise God for His word. From this I learned an important lesson: Never borrow horror mystery novels and if anything ever scares you, you need to turn to God.

A beautiful masterpiece molded in His hands.
Finely sculpted with love.
Each lines every motion made with exact precision.
Carefully planned and created into perfection.
No piece placed in the wrong spot.
Made lavishly in His image.
Cleansed and made pure by His blood.
I am His creation. ✝

✧ Amanda Hoang

✧ Harry Liu (Age 9)

There was this one time I remember that God helped me at school. It was recess and I was on the opposite team of my friend in a baseball game. I was walking next to my friend's team. My friend's team was discussing to do and my friend thought I was a spy so he threw the ball at me. I quickly dodge the ball he threw at me. I dodged it with God's help. ✝

✧ Joel Hwang (Age 9)

One day bumps were all over my body. I also felt my stomach was uncomfortable, so I prayed with my mom and cried a bit. My mom took my temperature. And when she looked at my skin, most of my bumps were not there! They just were red. I and my mom both said "Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! God is good all the time! ✝

When my mom asked me if I would like to give offering for the church building, I prayed and asked God if I should. God gave me an answer and so I decided to give offering for the church building. Then I prayed and asked God how much I should give and so he gave me a number and I offered. ✝

✧ Kevin Hsu

Dear God:

Thank you very much by making my ears hear better. Thank You very much for using Your power for healing my ears. Thank You Lord. Every morning I feel you talk to me and say "I love you." ✝

Love Your best son,
Kevin

✧ Chris Li

One time I asked Jesus to help me get a good grade on my test. Even though I studied, He gave me a good grade. Another time, I almost ran out of energy while swimming, and I asked God to help to me reach the boat. I floated over while doggy-paddling. I got on and Andrew rowed us back to the beach. ✝

✧ Brenda Li

Jesus is almighty.
He saves me from sin.
He helps me go through life, with Him by my side.
He helps me succeed, my pal to the end.
He is my Savior, my Lord, and forever He shall be.
He is listening to my every word, telling me,
warning me on what to do and not to do.
Jesus, almighty God, shines His light upon me.
Sweet as a flower, bright as pure gold.
He is forever my God,
and His words are always remembered in my heart and soul. Forever! ✧

✧ Katherine Kuo

The love that is changing me which heals my wounds.
When I get cut, And when my heart breaks,
God patches it up,
Who will love me for all eternity.
And I know God will stay and never leave.
My smile gets wider as I think of the love
that has set me free. ✧

✧ Stephanie Ge

One Friday, I was with my friends. One of them has a cat and I was allergic to cats. I almost had an asthma attack, but my friends prayed for me and I prayed for myself strongly and Jesus healed me.

Where are you? Where are you?
Come back, come back,
I want you Lord inside my heart. ✧

On Sacrifice

✍ Helen Liu

To worship the Lord with all my heart and to do His will is what nonbelievers view as a burden. I view it as a privilege, that God would redeem us. Worthy of experiencing his goodness and his grace by embodying us despite our endless mistakes and acts of selfishness. We as Christians fall so short of who God is, what He represents, and yet as we strive, stumble, fall, it is our Father who picks us up and sets us right again. And in turn, we follow Him by putting our faith into action, to do what God commands us. This naturally leads to sacrifice of our own worldly interest” -things that Satan wishes to confine us to. Because in our blindness we do not see how much more wonderful the Kingdom of God is than the materialistic things on earth that we do not wish to give up for the sake of discipleship.

For me, it was probably my entire lifestyle of old that I left behind. When I made this commitment (at the time it seemed so enormous) to live as a Christian. I would give up Friday evenings I could spend working, being with friends, watching TV, or going on the computer. I didn't want to let it go. It seemed impossible for me, with barely a grain of self-control to my name. It was so easy to let "oh, I'm busy" get in the way of coming. But over time I felt that God was urging me to come, to come and be part of the body of Christ and to join the congregation in worship, to become a better person as a whole.

It didn't happen right away. I still lagged; I was still reluctant in coming. It was such a drag to pull myself off the couch and get to the car. The funny thing was, though, as soon as the cell group would start, the music would start, the

Lord would touch me, and everything was worth it. The ironic thing was, next week would roll around, and my attitude would be no less disinclined.

The best thing was, God started, slowly but surely, to work in me, to change me. I was able to little by little, allow those few hours on Friday to fall into my life, and there it would stay to this day, a very comfortable fit actually. I wonder what it was so special about these few hours that I wouldn't simply let them go to come to cell. It seems so easy now that I want to come. And slowly, slowly I stopped viewing myself all the time, stopped my selfish gestures, my harsh thoughts. It has been a steady uphill climb- and again, I strive, stumble, and fall. And yet again, the Lord tirelessly, lovingly, picks me back up again. His faith has been my driving force, his revelations to my spirit, strength, and his love has become that much constant in my life.

There are numerous sacrifices to make yet, and as the commitment grows, I grow as well, in the name of the Lord. ✝